

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch  
With the co-operation of Office of Admiral (Submarines)

J. S. Newcombe tells Sugar Story—

30 MAR. 1944

## HOW BRITAIN WON SUPPLY BATTLE

EVERY spoonful of sugar that goes into English teacups is grown in English fields.

More than 400,000 acres of land now yield enough beet to provide the whole of our domestic ration of white sugar—500,000 tons yearly.

No lurking U-boat can sink that sugar. No British merchant sailor has lost his life bringing that sweetness to our tables.

But it's a fight getting it, none the less.

For three months, during the worst of winter, Britain's 18 factories work furiously night and day, never stopping for a minute's breather, to turn the parsnip-like beets into white crystals.

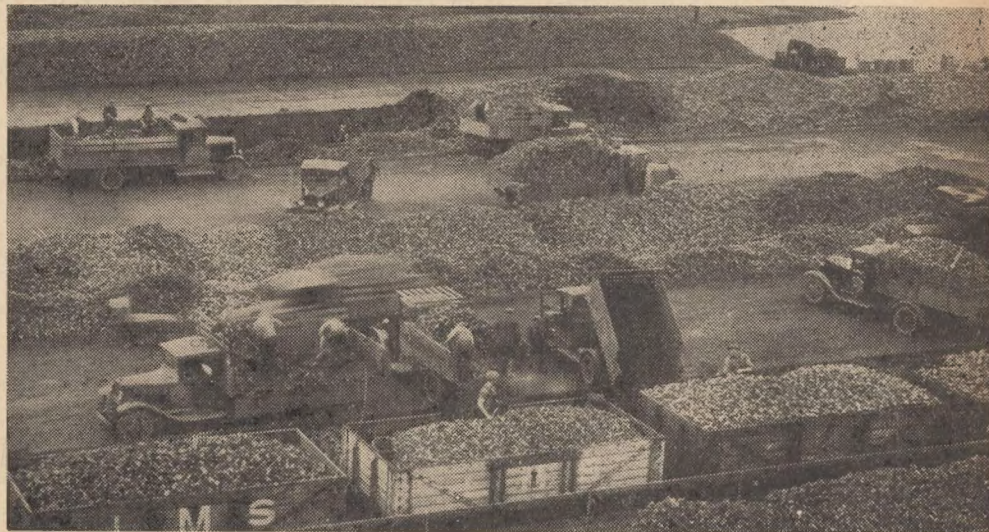
This is called "the campaign" by the industry.

The scene in the Eastern Counties, where most of the beet is grown, has every appearance of a "campaign." Loads of beet move in never-ending streams to the factories, by rail, road and canal—contributed by more than 50,000 farmers.

The lanes are choked with lorries, carts, wagons, barrows, and even perambulators. Everyone is working feverishly to reduce the great stacks of beet lining the roadways and filling the ditches.

The beets are heavy to lift. Maybe it is cold. Perhaps rain is falling monotonously and relentlessly. Perhaps the long day is past and it is dark. Nothing interferes with the work.

Tens of thousands of men, women and children are getting in the harvest. There are farm-hands and Land Girls; young wives and grandmothers; local school children and evacuees.



This winter they lifted a record crop.

The season is short, and has to be, for if the great presses cooled down the sugar would crystallise. Once stopped, the machinery would take days to re-start. And there is this further need for haste—the danger of frost, which might ruin the crop.

When the beets reach the factory, inevitably dirty, they do not suggest sweetmeats. Yet a load can be transformed into white granulated sugar in five hours. A 1lb. root gives about 2½ozs. of sugar.

The loads are dumped straight into enormous chutes, which wash many tons at a time. After being cut into thin, string-like slices called "cosettes," they go into vertical

cylinders through which hot water is circulated. The water gets richer in sugar as it passes through the cosettes. This dark grey raw juice eventually carries 12 to 13 per cent. of sugar.

High-grade burnt lime is added to purify the juice. It passes through other technical processes (these are secrets of the beet factories and closely guarded), and then the purified juice is concentrated by evaporation. Only skilled men, stripped of their clothing except slacks in the intense heat, can do this work.

A factory slicing 3,000 tons of beet a day—this is about the average—evaporates about 670,000 gallons of water in concentrating the juice.

It is then boiled in vacuum pans for the formation of crystals. The crystals go through several operations before being finally cooled, screened to definite sizes, and bagged as granulated sugar.

What a tantalising sight for the factory employees are these great mounds of sweetness! A notice warns them, "Sugar is rationed. Don't take away sugar, no matter for what purpose. It is an offence."

Revenue officials check up the sugar output against the beet intake. They are taking no chances.

That is the "blitz" story of how Britain in wartime makes

observed—that's all!

Our farmers have proved that the sugar beet crop produces more food, human and animal, an acre than any other crop. Beet sugar is indistinguishable from cane sugar—contrary to popular belief—and it is as good.

Here is a warning, however, in case the wife thinks of growing some in the back garden to help out the ration.

Even if she could carry out the complicated processes, (a) it is just as illegal to keep an unlicensed refinery as an illicit still, (b) she must take out a manufacturing licence, which costs £1 a year, and (c) there are 21 other regulations to be observed—that's all!

Then he found a small jar. Oh, boy, how he does love his cod liver oil!

And doesn't he look well on it, too!

Your wife says she's digging hard for victory—and the garden's already beginning to bloom.

All's well at home, John, and all send their fondest love.

Good Hunting!

### He's Bubble-blower Says F. W. Reed

WHEN you are nearing a port in the night, and the piercing beams of light from a lighthouse on the coast direct you from the danger of being on the rocks (we don't mean cash, because you are due for some), but from wreck, just think there's a man forever blowing bubbles to make it possible.

Not soap bubbles, either, but of glass to make the lamp which gives so great a power. They don't burst after a few minutes, but burn for countless hours on a vital job.

It's a tough job blowing these huge bubbles of molten glass, but in the hands of Frank Eisner, an expert, it looks easy. Starting with just a blob of "metal"—as the liquid glass is called—attached to the end of a blowing iron, the bulb gradually gets bigger and bigger as extra glass is added, and Frank blows more and more.

When he has ten pounds of glass hanging on the end of his iron, he keeps blowing and swinging the pear-shaped bulb until it is big enough to be put into a mould, where it is blown into perfect shape. The result—well, see for

yourself. One large bubble, sixteen inches across, and not one part less than a millimetre thick, an accuracy which is vital.

Young girls test the thickness with optical glass measuring instruments, just to see that it is O.K.

Then Frank has a drink of (you're wrong, it's not beer, but lemonade). Well, blow us down!

### The £.S.D. OF IT LIVING

EVERY month an official figure is published giving the "cost of living." Recently it has been in the neighbourhood of 198-199. What does this figure mean in terms of £ s. d.?

The cost of living in July, 1914, is figured as 100, and a cost-of-living index figure of 199, therefore, shows that the comparative prices have very nearly doubled.

The object of the figure is to show the value of wages in one period compared with another, not in terms of £ s. d., but in terms of what they will purchase for those who get them.

The index was begun exactly forty years ago, and to start it the budget and market baskets of some 2,000 average families in London were examined.

From this a standard budget was produced, giving an expenditure of 36s. 10d. a week per household. Of this, 22s. 6d. went on food.

Some of the contents of the housewife's basket in 1914 make interesting reading to-day.

She had ten eggs, at 1½d. each, 7lbs. of meat at between 5d. and 8d. per pound, and 2lbs. of butter which cost her 1s. 2d. a pound.

It is with this imaginary average housewife's budget that prices are compared to-day, and it is assumed the housewives buy the same amount of the same, key commodities.

Rationing has actually made a vast difference.

It is also assumed in the

allowance for rent that all properties come under the Rent Restriction Act. The index, in fact, is very far now from representing the average family's expenditure, but it serves some purpose, and wages, particularly in the Civil Service, have been tied to it.

After the First Great War it was arranged there should be a bonus whenever the index rose more than five points over a period.

Only one-twelfth the budget is allowed for extras, and these have to cover transport, tobacco, newspapers, all household replacements of linen, crockery, etc., trades union and club subscriptions, not to mention cinemas. Few families could get along with 5s.—6s. for this purpose?

A further complication to-day is income tax, which takes

money from wage-earners who in 1914 were nowhere near the taxation level.

All these difficulties have been recognised, and revision of the methods of calculation would have come in but for hostilities. They will start after the war, and the new index will be useful in showing, not what a wage packet contains, but what it will buy in terms of the ordinary standard of living of the recipient.

Attempts have been made to get an international standard-of-living index. Compared with London (100), Warsaw had a figure of 40 and Philadelphia 183. This did not mean these places were cheaper or more expensive, but that where a Londoner spent £100 on his standard of living, a Warsaw citizen spent £40 and a Philadelphian £183.



### A.P.O. John Carruthers— Love from Olive and John

RECOGNISE the picture, Acting Petty Officer John G. Carruthers?

Yes, it's your wife, Olive, sure enough, and Master John—a bonny boy for his year and nine months.

He loves his engine, and since you last saw him he has had a fine set of skittles added to his toys.

They came from London, where Mrs. Carruthers and John have been spending a fortnight's holiday with her Mum and Dad.

John's uncle made the skittles and his grandfather painted them. His auntie is also sending him a cot.

By the way, your wife is also saving up some presents for you—a purse from her mother (may it always be full) and a pipe from the rest of the family.

John is proving jolly good company for your wife.

When we called at your home at 3 Eastbourne Road, Copnor, Portsmouth, he was hunting round after a spoon.

Then he found a small jar. Oh, boy, how he does love his cod liver oil!

And doesn't he look well on it, too!

Your wife says she's digging hard for victory—and the garden's already beginning to bloom.

All's well at home, John, and all send their fondest love.

Good Hunting!

Your letters are welcome! Write to "Good Morning" c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1



# QUIZ for today

1. A chameleon is a precious stone, musical instrument, cloak, clown, lizard, insect?
2. Who wrote (a) Kipps, (b) Kim?
3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why: Falstaff, Imogen, Shylock, Titania, Caliban, Fagin?
4. Who had a famous talking donkey?
5. A stripe in the Royal Artillery gives a man what rank?
6. What fruit does the banyan tree bear?
7. Which of the following are mis-spelt: Carronade, Capsule, Celebate, Causerie, Centime, Celulose, Chicane?
8. For what phrase is Stanley, the explorer, famous?
9. What is the speed of a flying fish?
10. What is the capital of Bulgaria?
11. Who shot an apple off whose head?
12. With what do you associate (a) Sir Henry Wood, (b) Sir Thomas Beecham?

## Answer to Quiz in No. 289

1. Cathedral.
2. (a) E. A. Poe, (b) Edward Gibbon.
3. Crayfish is a crustacean; others are fishes.
4. St. Patrick.
5. Nero fiddled while Rome burned.
6. Cecil Rhodes.
7. Phonetic, Psychology.
8. Father.
9. The Sparrow.
10. Walt Disney.
11. The Pied Piper of Hamelin.
12. Albert Whelan, Albert Sandler, Albert the Good, Albert with the horse's head walking-stick, etc.

## MEDITERRANEAN PORTS

Guess the name of this Mediterranean Port from the following clues to its letters:—

- My first is in WINNIPEG, not BERMUDA,  
My second's in HUDSON, not INTRUDER,  
My third is in BATTERIES, not in TANKS,  
My next's in LIEUTENANT, not in RANKS,  
My fifth is in JOYSTICK and in CONTROLS,  
My next's in RECONNAISSANCE and PATROLS,  
My seventh's in CAIRO and BIZERTA,  
My last's in NEWFOUNDLAND, not ALBERTA.

(Answer on Page 3)

## WANGLING WORDS—245

1. Put a machine in BS and make it flower.
2. Rearrange the letters of TRY OUR STEAK and make another dish (two words).
3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: LONE into STAR, CURE into WELL, LATE into BIRD, GREY into MARE.
4. Make two more seven-letter words from the letters in REACTED.

## Answers to Wangling Words—No. 244

1. Fever.
2. TEHERAN.
3. LAST, MAST, MIST, MINT, MINE, MILE.  
GAME, DAME, DOME,  
DOSE, LOSE, LOST.  
KEEP, KEEL, FEEL, FELL,  
BELL, BELT, BOLT, BOOT,  
BOAT, GOAT, GOAL.  
BROWN, GROWN, GROAN,  
GROAT, GREAT, GREET,  
GREEN.
4. GENERAL, GLEANER.

# "She had a big red mouth"

WE were given a breakfast next morning of fried chops and sweet black tea, together with a generous hand-out of food to carry us through the day. Then a big fellow with a beard came and gave me a pair of dungaree trousers, trying to keep his face straight while he did it. It was too much for him. The last thing I saw as we left the station was this man leaning against the bunkhouse, mopping his eyes with a red handkerchief. Maybe he is still laughing.

Covering about twenty miles between station and station, we

## EL SEÑOR BURKY

The Exciting Life  
Story of a  
Roving Adventurer

### PART II

tramped on for another ten days. Nearly everywhere we were received with hospitality, but there were no jobs to be had.

Then we came to the mining town of Bendigo, named after the great prize-fighter. Lew and Harry got jobs at a small station, Carmichael's, not far outside, but I became a municipal official. Smoking my silver-mounted pipe, I sat aloft on the water-cart, laying the dust in the sun-baked streets. I was prouder than a half-pay admiral.

Bendigo was a lively town in those days, full of dance-halls and dives for the diggers. As long as there was money in your pocket there was no need of a telescope to find a euchre game or a fight. But that was mostly after dark.

Then one red-hot afternoon I was passing a public-house when the barmaid came out and waved to me. She wasn't more than eighteen, with a figure that said plainer than words, "I'm a woman, and I don't care who knows it!"—not one of these coffin-shaped modern females, whose bodies look as if they had been bandaged all their lives, like the feet of a Chinawoman.

Her hair was the bluey-black of a shotgun barrel, like a Creole's, and she had a big red mouth. But it was the way she looked me in the eyes that put me on the mat, a straight stare that was serious and mocking at the same time. A young fellow needs no books to know the meaning of a look like that. I got a feeling inside like

treading in the dark on a step that isn't there.

Then she smiled, and signalled me to damp down the dust a bit more outside the public-house. I tacked up and down until the cart was empty and the road was running like a river, after which she gave me a glass of beer. She told me they called her Sailor's Gully, after the place she came from, and I thought it was the prettiest name I had ever heard. "Come along to the taproom some evening," she said, "and hear me sing." I drove off feeling like a million dollars.

From then on most of my wages found their way over the bar. There was a piano in the taproom, and sometimes there were fiddles and concertinas. Sailor's Gully used to sing all manner of songs, but at least once every night the diggers would shout for "The Wild Colonial Boy," which was a ballad about a famous bushranger. There were hundreds of verses to it, and when Sailor's Gully had

finished all she knew, one after another of the customers would add a few more.

Nobody took much notice of me where I sat by myself in the corner, often biting my nails with jealous rage. The diggers were a simple, primitive bunch, and their ideas of love-making not what you would find at Government House. Starting with a well-placed nip, or a slap like the flap of a whale's fluke, they would make propositions that might have sounded better coming from a stock-breeder or said by a doctor in Latin.

Then Sailor's Gully would come over to my table, as if to collect the empty glasses, and whisper, "Now don't get belly-aching, Ginger! Nobody's going to jump your claim!"

And she stuck to her promise. When the bar was closed and all the glasses had been washed up, she used to slip out at the back door and call, "Coo-ee, Ginger!" At that hour Bendigo was like a town of the dead, and we'd walk

## ROUND THE WORLD

with our  
Roving Cameraman



### LETTER TO HOME.

Isn't it the bunk when you want to write home, or to the best girl, and you can't write? What do you do? Get a pal to write for you. And it's the same all over the world. Here is a professional letter-writer in Persia, doing the job in a public street at the dictation of a Persian soldier, who, by the looks of him, is wondering if he has got all in he wanted to say before the letter is sealed.

## JANE



WELL, LANCELOT DARLING, AREN'T YOU PLEASED TO BE BACK IN OUR LITTLE LOVE NEST?

EE, LOVE, YOU'VE BAITED TRAP RIGHT HANDSOME!—I'LL GRANT YOUR HIGH TEAS ARE CHAMPION!



FORGIVE ME, INTRUDING ON YOUR DOMESTIC FELICITY, MA'AM, BUT NOW MY GOOD LADY'S FREE OF HER THEATRICAL ENGAGEMENTS I'M AFTER TAKING HER TO LONDON...

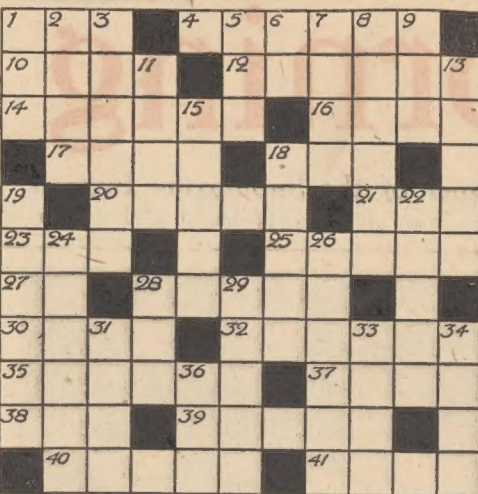


GOODBYE, LASS!—WE'VE BOTH BEEN CAUGHT AGAIN—BUT HAPPEN THERE'S WORSE CHAINS THAN WEDLOCK!

I WISH I COULD SAY THE SAME, PUSS!—I HOPE (SNIFF!) YOU'LL BE HAPPIER THAN I AM...

## CROSSWORD CORNER

CLUES ACROSS: 1 Number. 4 Boy's name.



CLUES DOWN:  
1 Colour. 2 Shawl. 3 Excursion. 5 Admit. 6 About. 7 Amount to. 8 Hands on hips. 9 Fresh. 11 Excavation. 13 Space of time. 15 African ruminant. 18 Marine mammal. 19 Famous river. 22 Garment. 24 Money-lender. 26 Resolve. 28 Shrub. 29 Spoor. 31 Elder. 33 Reptile. 34 Vernacular. 36 Common adjective.

- 10 Wake-robin.
- 12 Enfeeble.
- 14 Race.
- 16 Apteryx.
- 17 Colour.
- 18 Shropshire town.
- 20 Town of Glamorgan.
- 21 Cry of contempt.
- 23 Cling to.
- 25 Follow.
- 27 Like.
- 28 Name of book.
- 30 Mum.
- 32 Parson.
- 35 Mistakes.
- 37 Scottish island.
- 38 Notice.
- 39 Girl's name.
- 40 Repulse.
- 41 Whirl.

Solution to Yesterday's Problem.  
CLINCH CALF  
HONE EVIL O  
ASTERN TUBA  
READ NORMAL  
G C DADO D  
ENTER ENDED  
O DONS O R  
STRIPE CURE  
HEAT PROBES  
E COMA ALAS  
DEER LATELY

through the moonlit streets out into the bush. Next day I would be round again with my water-cart, doing my best to wash away a couple of hundred yards of baked-clay road.

For three months I went on with this watering, like a nigger cultivating a patch of yams. Then one night I found a strange woman behind the taproom bar, with prominent teeth and a strong Scotch accent. I asked for Sailor's Gully.

"If ye mean the young paison who predeceased me," she said with a sniff, "she's awa' off wi' an auld digger that might ha' been her grampa. But what could ye expect, wi' a name like you?"

Next morning I relinquished my command of the water-cart and went over to Carmichael's to see Harry Moore. He was over the moon to see me again, and agreed at once that it was time, as the old song says, to "bundle and go."

There are two kinds of people in this world who can travel where they like—the rich and the very poor. The rich pay to go, and the poor get paid for going, or go for nothing. Your middle-class man takes a job and hangs on to it like a barnacle. He has to. If he once lets go, the chances are that he will starve before he finds another mooring, never having learned to rustle round for himself. Maybe that is why he hates the rich and the very poor.

Soon after Harry had suggested going to sea we came across a young riveter called Snowy Jackson, who had been doing repair work on the "Bolimba," then lying in the Yarra River. Snowy was an obliging young fellow. He took us on board and showed us a little hatchway leading from the glory-hole where the stewards slept down to the tank-tops. The hatchway was little more than a trapdoor, and there was a space on the tank-tops about eighteen inches in height, just room enough to crawl into

and lie flat. Here we hid our grips and piled in a few spare sacks.

Long before sailing time I was cursing Snowy Jackson. I ached in every bone, and could neither sit up nor turn over. If the glory-hole had remained empty for ten seconds I would have got out and risked getting ashore, leaving my grip behind. But nothing of the sort happened; feet continued to stamp and shuffle within six inches of my nose.

Then, just as I realised that I was thirsty, some of the steward's friends turned up to see them off. They had brought bottles of beer with them; I could hear them wishing each other good health. I even thought I could hear the beer gurgling out of the bottles. And the cold tea we had arranged to bring with us was like the Dutchman's anchor—left behind.

When we judged it safe I lifted the hatch a few inches and peered round the glory-hole. A man in a white coat was sitting on a box with his back to me. A bottle of beer stood beside him. Ten minutes later I looked again. The first bottle was empty, but he had broached a second. Next time he was finishing a third.

But nothing goes on for ever. When I took my fourth look-see the man had stopped his debauchery and gone off to do a bit of work for the Australian Union Steam Navigation Company. Harry and I grabbed our grips and got out on deck, plastered with rust and cobwebs and blinking like owls in the sunlight. We made straight for the steerage quarters, where we treated ourselves to a wash and brush-up.

There were about three hundred passengers on board, mostly miners bound for the goldfields at Kalgoorlie and Coolgardie.

They were of all nationalities—Irish, Germans and Italians, milling aimlessly round and round with their baggage in their hands.

In my voyaging and wandering about the world I have always found that honesty is the best policy, particularly when you have some proposition in hand which is not strictly legal. Anyway, Harry and I confided our secret to a few chosen passengers, and before breakfast-time half the occupants of the steerage quarters knew that we were stowaways.

Everywhere we went we were met with sly nods, winks, and broad grins. Enough tobacco was pressed on us to have lasted six months.

(To be continued)

There is nothing which has yet been contrived by man by which so much happiness is produced as a good tavern or inn.

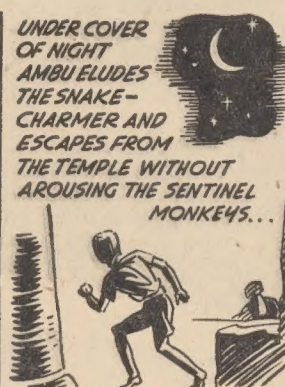
Dr. Johnson.



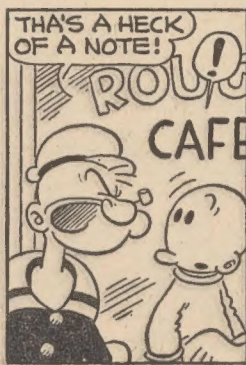
## BEELZEBUB JONES



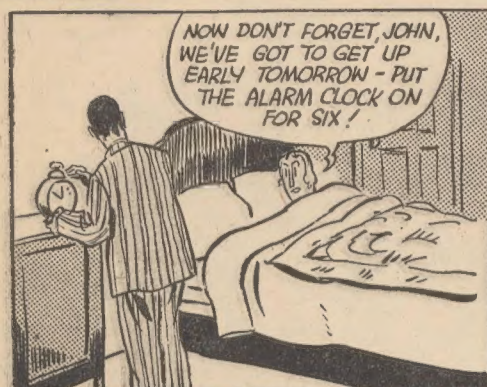
## BELINDA



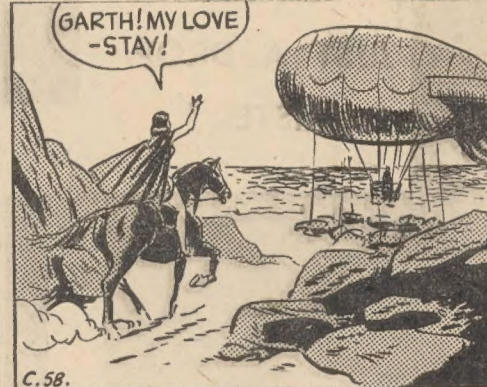
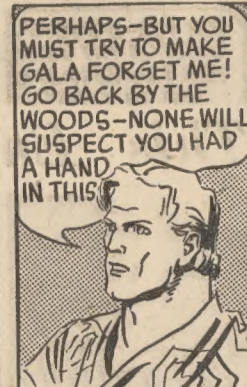
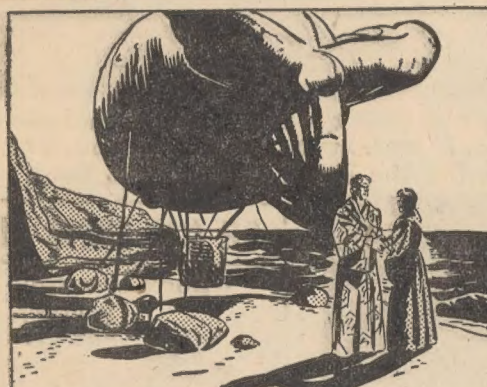
## POPEYE



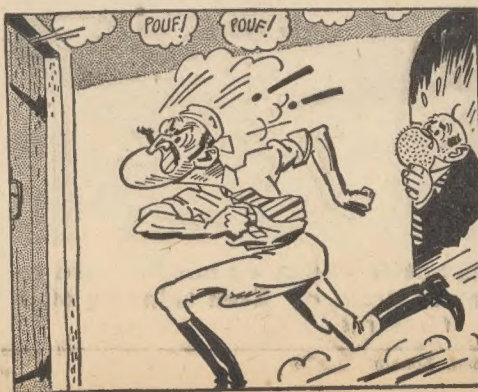
## RUGGLES



## GARTH



## JUST JAKE

CLUBS AND THEIR PLAYERS  
BIRMINGHAM

By JOHN ALLEN

SOME clubs appear to specialise in producing star players in a certain position. Middlesbrough, I told you, introduce fine centre-forwards. Arsenal have always had a fine centre-half. Huddersfield's full-backs have always been the best.

Birmingham's claim to fame in this direction are her goalkeepers. Always, since the club first came into being, has Brum's last-liner been among the best in the land.

The first international Birmingham ever had—seventeen years after their formation—was a goalkeeper, Chris Charsley. Since then we have seen internationals in Scottish Willie Robb, Welshman Len Evans, Englishman Dan Tremelling, and the truly great Harry Hibbs. In addition, the amateur international, Tewkesbury, turned out for them.

Mention of Harry Hibbs brings to mind the greatest goalkeeper of modern times. He ranks among the "quietest" custodians ever to guard England's goal; always making everything look so simple. He did not believe in making spectacular saves. In fact, he positioned himself so brilliantly that opposing forwards appeared to shoot the ball at him every time!

There was a secret behind this uncanny positioning. In his junior days Harry was a forward—and scored nearly a hundred goals himself before he decided to try stopping them. And the experience he had built up as a forward was invaluable when he went between the "sticks." He used to know on almost every occasion where a forward would shoot.

Even as a famous international, Harry, when a match was arranged between the players, frequently went into the forward line—for a change!

Hibbs, by the way, is a cousin of Pearson, the West Bromwich Albion goalkeeper.

Like so many other famous football clubs, the Birmingham side came into being as the result of a cricket club. In 1875, anxious to keep together their cricket team during the winter months, the sports council of Holy Trinity Church, Bordesley, decided to form a football team, and they called themselves Small Heath Alliance.

The first "game" amounted to four shillings and threepence, and the team really thought it good.

A few weeks later, however, when they collected tuppence-halfpenny as their share of a Birmingham cup-tie "gate," they did not feel too pleased about things!

In 1883 they reached the Semi-Final of the F.A. Cup, meeting their old rivals, West Bromwich Albion. The "Throstles" were a grand team and well deserved a clear four-goal victory. So out-played were Birmingham—as they later called themselves—that the Albion goalkeeper, Bob Roberts, indulged in a snow-fight with the crowd behind his goal.

But Birmingham were not downhearted. They fought back, and in later years the side that had developed from Small Heath Alliance climbed into the First Division.

Although they cannot claim the records and star players one associates with other clubs, Birmingham have a reputation for honest-to-goodness play and good sportsmanship.

## HOW'S TRICKS?

## THE MYSTIC DOMINO TRICK.

REQUEST your friend to open a box of dominoes and shuffle them on the table, spots upwards.

Request your friend to start playing them as if in a game, at the same time telling him that when he has finished the game one end will be 6 and the other end 1.

He starts to play, and, to his astonishment, it works out as you stated, 6 and 1.

This can be repeated at once after having shuffled them once again. This time you might announce 5 and 2. It happens once again. In fact, it will always happen.

**Method.**—When the performer is shuffling the dominoes he secretly palms one of the dominoes and keeps this in his hand until the person has played the game. Suppose the performer picked up 5/2, he announces that one end will be 5 and the other 2.

While shuffling the dominoes once again it is very simple for the performer to drop one and pick up another one.

## A GOOD IMPROMPTU TRICK.

IT is commonly supposed that a safety match cannot be struck other than on its original box.

The conjurer, upon meeting a friend who requests a light, amazes his friend by striking a match upon the sole of his shoe and then challenging anyone to duplicate the feat.

They will find it impossible. The secret is very simple. The striking side of the match-box was previously rubbed against the performer's shoe at the instep. Some of the substance is in this manner transferred from the box to the shoe.

As the instep does not touch the ground in walking, the application will not wear off for quite a time.

SID DE HEMPSEY.

Solution to Mediterranean Ports.  
PORT SAID.



# Good Morning

Noni Brooke may appear to be taking things easy, but she deserves to. From "Miss London" to showgirl, Windmill Theatre and films, she is now in Jack Buchanan's production, "It's Time to Dance," at the Lyric Theatre.



## CHOCOLATE CREAM ?

"No, Sir ; jest ord'ny ice-cream ; but I ain't a-goin' to lose, not one drop — stoo preshuss !"



"PLEASE . . .  
JUST A DROP,  
MISTER "

## This England

Why pull over the bridge, when there's a cool stream to splash through? Crossing the river, at Eynsford, Kent.



"Very nice to rest the bottle like this ; but I'll have to shake myself if I want to drain it. Even thinking of it tires me."

## OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Don't overstrain yourself, Energy."

